



Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

## CAPTAIN BROWN'S COW.

A cow belonging to Capt. Brown, in the north parish of Augusta, has become somewhat famous recently, from the fact being ascertained and made public, that there was made from her, during a year last past, 425 lbs. of butter.

In company with Major Chism, we made a call on the Captain last week, in order to see his cow and ascertain more respecting her. We found the Captain in his barn yard, who introduced us to his cow in due form. She is a good sized animal, apparently a grade Durham of a red color. Her excellency consists in being of good form, in giving a good flow of excellent milk, and continuing it for a long time. The fact of her making this amount of butter per annum is abundantly proved, and that she made it on no other food than an abundance of good grass and good hay. The captain has three in family, and they made use of what milk they needed in addition to that used for making butter. Four hundred and twenty-five pounds a year, is, on an average, throughout the whole time, eight pounds and nearly a sixth per week.

This is holding out pretty well. Such cows are scarce and should be carefully kept, and their progeny kept for the purpose if possible, of propagating a breed of deep and rich milkers. Major Chism has bought a four year old cow which came of Capt. Brown's, and which has the marks and appearance of making as good if not a better milk than her mother.

## PATENTS.

Our friend who requires respecting the course to be pursued to obtain a patent, must first invent something that is new. If it be a machine, he must have two perspective drawings made of it, and sectional drawings, in order to illustrate it plainly;—he must have a model of it made not over a foot in length. He must then have a specification made out in due form, describing his invention, to which he must make oath that he is the true and original inventor, also that he is a citizen of the United States. He must then sign a petition to the Commissioner of Patents. With the drawings and specification and petition he must put \$30 in specie, and send them to the commissioner at Washington, and also the model. He must then wait from three to six months for his claims to be examined, and if his invention be new, and claims and papers all right, a patent will be sent, if not, he can withdraw, and receive a part of his money back.

A person who has not fully finished his invention can throw in what is called a caveat. In this way, make out a sketch and description of what you intend to do and place with it \$20 dollars in specie, requesting that your papers be placed in the confidential archives of the office. This will give you a year to experiment in, at the expiration of which time you must take out your patent and pay ten dollars more, if you do not you forfeit your \$20. It will use up from \$50 to \$100 more, perhaps, for drawings, models, office fees, &c., to get out a patent.

## WAITS FROM OUR COPY DRAWER.

TALL GRASS—WHEAT—RYE. Mr. Samuel F. Fogg, of Readfield, sends us a clump of herbage, which measures from 3 feet to 5 feet 9 1/2 inches in height. There are some twenty stalks, all growing in one cluster.

We have received very handsome specimens of Mediterranean wheat from L. Guild, Esq., of Sidney, and Illinois wheat from Mr. Wm. F. Abbott, Pittsford. Mr. Abbott also sends a fine specimen of rye, of which he estimates he shall gather fifteen bushels from twelve acres of seed.

Cornelius M. Holland, Esq., of Canton, Me., sends us a specimen of rye, 7 feet 1 1/2 inches high, and says he finds plenty in his field upwards of 6 feet high. We have had nothing to excel this, yet.

Good Cows. The notices of good cows which we have published, from time to time, have called forth responses from many of our readers who are possessed of equal or superior animals to those noticed. We find accounts of three such awaiting notice in our copy drawer. The first is a cow, seven years old, owned by Mr. W. P. Cummings, of North Belgrade. During the month of June last, this cow gave 43 pounds, or about 21 quarts of milk, per day, on an average. She is half Durham, and a prime cow.

Mr. C. S. Packard, of West Auburn, has two cows, one of which, during six successive days in the month of May, gave 245 lbs. of milk—an average of 40 5/6 lbs. per day. From the milk of the other cow, during one week, was made 13 lbs. 10 oz. of butter. As he was not intending to make a public announcement of the trial, some portion of the milk was used in the family, and not set for cream.

ANOTHER COW. Mr. Henry Fossett, of North Union, has a heifer, fifteen months old on the 23d ult., which brought a calf on that day, weighing 72 lbs.

A NUT FOR THE WATERVILLE BIDDIES. Some of the North Fayette biddies, excited by the challenge of the Waterville Mail, and not willing to wait for the Winthrop boys to reply, have been laying eggs of the following dimensions, as recorded by Mr. S. N. Watson:—

"On the 13th inst., one of my half-bred Cochinchina and Shanghai hens, produced an egg that measured 7 7/8 inches the longest circumference, and 6 1/2 inches the shortest. Not satisfied with that, on the 14th, she furnished another, measuring 8 1/8 inches by 6 5/8; and what she may do to-day, I cannot tell. I had not the means to ascertain the weight of these eggs, precisely, but think it must be some less than a pound. Should she give us one to-day that weighs a pound, I will let you know."

WITCH GRASS. A correspondent in West Bridgton, sends us the following mode of killing witch grass, for which he will receive our thanks. Any

mode by which this pest of the farm can be exterminated, or confined within certain limits, is worth testing. Our informant says:—

"I saw in your paper of 23d ult., an article describing the only way to kill witch grass. There is one other way to effect this result, and get a valuable crop the same season, besides. I have tried several pieces covered with witch grass the three past seasons, and it has had the desired effect. Last year, July 4th, I set out about one-eighth of an acre, which was full of witch grass, with cabbage plants; and this year, planted the same piece with carrots. There is now no appearance of witch grass, and the carrots look finely."

CROPS IN THE PROVINCES. Mr. C. R. Allison, of Walton, N. S., writes us as follows, under date of the 3d inst.:—"The season, with us, has not been very favorable for the farmer. We had too much dry, cold weather in June and the commencement of July; consequently the hay crop is below an average, and the wheat and oats will be short. The potato crop looks well, and should it escape the 'disease,' will yield a very abundant supply."

Good Mowing. A few days since Mr. George A. Taylor, of Sidney, mowed an acre of grass in three hours and one minute. Pretty good, for the old fashioned way of cutting hay.

## LOOK OUT FOR MUCK.

As the haying and harvesting draws to a close it will be well to look out for a chance for digging muck, provided nevertheless that you have not already opened a mine of this soil. Although the season with us has thus far been rather wet, we generally have a somewhat dry time between August and the commencement of fall rains, during which time it would be advisable to throw out what you may need. If it be inconvenient to haul up to the barnyard now, it may be put in a position to be loaded on to a sled in winter, and placed where it can come from time to time to be placed in such situations in the stable and barnyards to become mingled with animal matters, and its decomposition thereby hastened. The addition of ashes to it soon prepares it suitable for application to crops. When ashes cannot be readily obtained, lime slacked in salt water or brine will be a good article to combine with it, and thus a good fertilizer be cheaply obtained.

For the Maine Farmer.

"APPLE TREES KILLED.—CAUSE." Mr. Editor:—Under the above caption, and over the signature of B. F. G., is a communication in the last number of your paper, in which the writer says, "a new idea, I think, has slipped through his [friend Foster's] cranium," and doubts the soundness of what he terms my "logic." I do not take up the subject again for the sake of controversy, nor to defend my position, but to set the gentleman right as to its being "a new idea" that apple trees are sometimes killed by heavy frosts in the fall. Some forty or more years ago, (one of the periods to which I alluded in a former communication,) the "idea" was a general, almost universal one, that the trees were killed by a hard frost immediately following several days of unusually warm weather for the season. At that time the trees had shed their leaves and made the usual preparation for a winter's sleep. Warm weather came on and continued till vegetation was awakened, and the trees began to put out in the spring. A sudden change to extreme cold brought every thing to a stand, and the effect on apple trees, and other trees, was most disastrous,—more fatal, I should think, than the last year's visitation.

If I understand the writer, he thinks the splitting of the bark on my nursery and other trees, which I mentioned, "can be attributed to another cause," and in that connection he speaks of the oxygen becoming heated, &c., "in the months of February and March," but the cold and freezing winds of April chilled and froze the parts of the tree which we find dead. He says something, too, about trees being killed by severe and unskillful cutting and grafting. No new thing—We have had men for more than twenty years, who go about the country killing trees in the same way,—but it has not much to do with the question originally proposed—What has [recently] killed the apple trees?

I will here restate some of the facts, with the addition of some new ones, from which I arrived at the conclusion that the apple trees were first killed, and then propose a few questions to B. F. G. I have a Baldwin apple tree standing near my house, which last year looked vigorous and healthy, and bore a fair crop of apples—nearly two barrels. It stood in a snow-drift through the winter, and till late in April. It had not vitality enough to put out leaves the usual size last spring, and is now dead. I found the bark on the trunk near the ground split open several inches nearly in the direction of the grain of the wood; and, on further examination, found the bark covered from the wood nearly a foot from the ground up, and half the circumference of the tree. I have seen some young forest trees, and many other apple trees, which exhibit the same appearance, though I do not know the fact of their being covered so deep and so long in the snow.

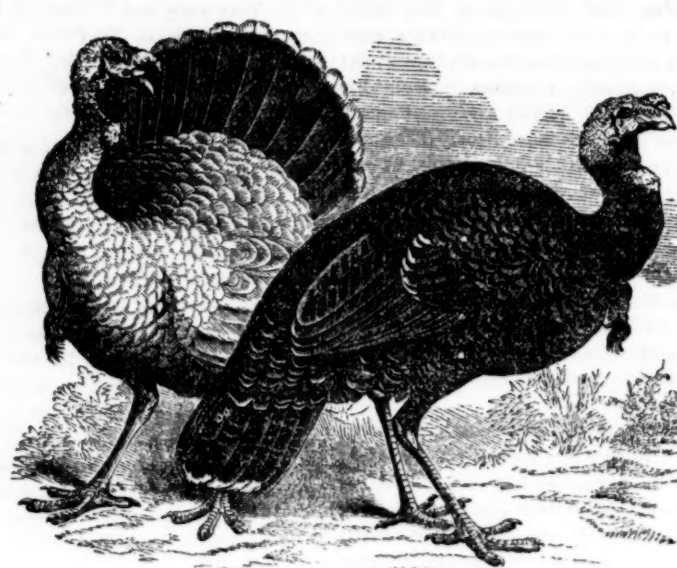
In my nursery are more than a hundred trees bearing the marks of having been burst or split by "heated oxygen" and "cold and freezing winds," or some other agent or agents, and many of these marks or splits I saw, fresh and new, on the mornings following the first and second cold nights, last November.

QUESTIONS. Why do we as frequently see trees with "the parts which we find to be dead," protected from the sun, as on the south side, where we may suppose the oxygen would be most heated? How was the oxygen in my Baldwin tree so heated "in the months of February and March" as to produce death, when at that time "the parts found to be dead" were buried in snow three feet deep?

If my nursery trees were "summer killed," was it due to the present summer, or the past? N. FOSTER.

Gardner, Aug. 18th, 1857.

More bread, more meat, and more money can be made from the corn plant than from the wheat plant.



The Wild Turkey.

## THE TURKEY.

There were three things introduced into use by the discovery of America, which the ancients never had dreamed of, viz: Tobacco, Potatoes and Turkey. Of the three, the most useless is the most used—tobacco—while the other two, a savory food, should go together in the kitchen and at the feast. It is conceded, we believe, that the wild turkey, so called, is indigenous to this country; and, some contend, is the parent stock from which all the different varieties which are now found in our barn yards originated. The turkey is very easily reared, provided it be protected for a month or two after it is hatched. It is then very tender, and cannot withstand much cold or wet; but when three months old, it becomes hardy, and soon becomes, if allowed a suitable range, capable of withstanding ordinary changes of weather, and of taking care of itself.

The domestic turkey, though a very quiet fowl, at certain times of the year manifests many of the traits exhibited when in a wild state. It lays and will rear two litters in the year—one of them in April and the other in the summer. When about to lay, it steals away into some sly place by itself, and, having found a place to suit for a nest, scratches a cavity among the leaves and deposits its egg. It then covers it up carefully with the leaves and dry grass, and leaves the place apparently in the condition it would have been had nothing been there. The only way to find the nest is to watch her, and in doing this the nest is as easy as she is; for, if she sees or mistrusts that you are watching, she will take another course, and we have known them to drop their eggs on the ground rather than go on when you are looking out for them. The hen turkey generally lays one egg every day for fourteen or fifteen days, when she begins to set. During this period, the males are in full feather, and spend the most of their time in strutting about and gobbling. Indeed, so much delight do they take in this ridiculous display of themselves, that they seem to eat but very little—their uncouth pride being to them, like some dandies of the human race, both virtuous and droll.

The hen turkey is a most faithful setter, leaving her nest but seldom, and when she does she carefully covers over her eggs to keep them warm until she returns. As we before said, the young turkey, when first hatched, is very tender, and should be carefully protected and kept warm for the first two months. To effect this, the mother should be confined to prevent her rambling about, as she will invariably do. The food for the young should be dough made of Indian corn meal wet with water. Some, for a week or two, put in some of the warming and stimulating herbs cut fine, and for this purpose the garden cives were very much used. Fresh curds, bony clabber, and also milk for their drink. The mother is a faithful guardian, though not much of a fighter. She is always on the watch, and if a hawk or eagle appears, even in the distance, she will give a peculiar cry, which her young seem to understand, even as soon as they are hatched, and the whole brood instantly disappear, each one hiding under the grass, or leaves, or logs, or whatever will form a shelter, where they lie motionless until the danger is past, when they all come out as quickly as they bid.

Turkeys like a wide range, and when they can have it they employ their time assiduously in catching grasshoppers and other insects which infest the fields. Their foray, when grasshoppers are plenty, is quite amusing. They seem to have something of a plan of operations among themselves, marching along side by side in platoons, and when they have crossed the field, wheeling like a file of soldiers, and taking another breadth back, and so betide the grasshoppers that are found in their way, as they are sure to find themselves soon stowed away in the capacious crop of the turkey that spies them.

They are very destructive in grain fields, and in turnip and cabbage yards; but if you have a field of barn grass, the seed of which is beginning to harden, turn in the turkeys. They are fond of it, and will strip the heads off at one sweep of their bills.

In the fall of the year they repair to the woods, if they have an opportunity, to gather beechnut or acorns, and walnuts, which they do greedily, and soon get fat. They can be trained to go onto roasts at night, but if they could have their way they would perch upon some high fence, or upon apple or other trees, turning their heads to the wind, and braving the severest storms.

The rearing of turkeys is quite profitable on farms where they can have "abow room," but foxes and thieves often pounce upon the flock when they are about ready for the market, and destroy the hopes and labors of a whole season.

A roast turkey has become the regular treat to a Yankee on Thanksgiving Day, and may turkeys and pumpkin pies never be wanting to them on such occasions.

The following article on the history and habits of turkeys we copy from "Life Illustrated."

Turkeys. THEIR HISTORY, HABITS, AND CULTURE. The wild turkey belongs to the Gallinae and to the order Malagris gallopato, and is found only in

place in which to deposit her eggs, secured from the encroachment of water, and, as far as possible, concealed from the watchful eye of the crow; this crafty bird spies the hen going to her nest, and having discovered the precious deposit, waits for the absence of the parent, and removes every one of the eggs from the spot, that he may devour them at his leisure.

The nest is placed on the ground, either in a dry ridge in the fallen top of a dead leafy tree, under a thicket of sumach or briars, or by the side of a log; it is of a simple structure, being composed of a few dried leaves. In this receptacle the eggs are deposited, sometimes to the number of twenty, but more usually from nine to fifteen; they are whitish, spotted with reddish-brown, like those of the domestic turkey. The female always approaches her nest with great caution, varying her course so rarely as to reach it twice by the same route; and on leaving her charge, she is very careful to cover the whole with dry leaves, with which she conceals it so carefully as to make it extremely difficult, even for one who has watched her movements, to indicate the exact spot. When laying or sitting, the turkey hen is not easily driven from her post by the approach of apparent danger; but if an enemy appears, she crouches as low as possible, and suffers it to pass. They seldom abandon their nests on account of being discovered by man, but should a snake, or any other wild animal, suck one of her eggs, the parent leaves them altogether. If the eggs be removed, she again seeks the male, and recommences laying, though otherwise she lays but one nest of eggs during the season. Several turkey hens sometimes associate, perhaps for mutual safety, and deposit their eggs in the same nest, and rear their broods together. Mr. Audubon once found three females sitting on forty-two eggs. In such cases the nest is constantly guarded by one of the parties, so that no crow, raven, or polecat dare approach it. The mother will not forsake her eggs when near hatching, while life remains; she will suffer an inclosure to be made around and imprison her, rather than abandon her charge.

The wild turkey is much esteemed as an article of food, being superior in flavor to the tame. On this account it is much hunted. They are very shy, and difficult to approach under ordinary circumstances, in the daytime, and when on the ground; but a knowledge of their habits places them almost wholly within the power of the skillful hunter, who, according to Audubon, when they are all quietly perched for the night, takes a stand previously chosen by daylight, and when the rising moon enables him to take sure aim, shoots them down at leisure; and by carefully singling out those on the lower branches first, he may in this way secure nearly the whole flock. Neither the presence of the hunter, while making his slaughter, nor the report of his gun, seem to frighten the turkeys in the least, although the appearance of a single owl or other bird of prey would be sufficient to alarm the whole flock.

This fancied security or heedlessness of danger while at rest, is said to be characteristic of all the gallinaceous birds of North America. Another mode of taking them is in pens, more common and more destructive even, than shooting them. These are made of logs, close and large enough to contain almost any number. They are baited by grain of various kinds, though mostly Indian corn, and enticed through an opening for the purpose, the grain or feed being liberally spread on the floor within, and for some distance outside. One or two leaders will, in this way, sometimes lead in and secure a great many, say a hundred or more.

The wild turkey is of a glossy dark color; he is generally called black. He is not black, like the crow; he is more of a ferruginous or iron color, with small shining coppery bronze spots, especially on the wings and tail. In the wild state, a white or even a speckled turkey is unknown, and we venture to say that a plain black one has hardly ever occurred. [The light-colored and sickly, while the darker the color the more ready is the bird. Good judges avoid the bleached or light-colored for breeding, and only "keep" the darkest and best.]

Our object has been to give a brief sketch of the natural history of the wild turkey, and not to write an article on diet; but we may remark in closing, that while we deem wild turkeys and other wild game much less objectionable as food than the unhealthy and unnaturally fattened domestic animals, whose flesh covers the tables of our people, and converts their stomachs into living sepulchers, still we believe that in advocating a farinaceous and fruit diet, we promote the true civilization and elevation of the race.

Will it not be better to devote less attention to turkeys and pigs, and more to turnips and potatoes, as well as to apples, pears, peaches, grapes, and plums?

For the Maine Farmer.

SALT AS A TOP DRESSING. Mr. Editor:—I wish to know whether salt is profitable as a top dressing for mowing lands, and if so, what quantity per acre is safe and profitable to put on, and at what time in the year? Can you, or some of your numerous correspondents, give me the desired information? I have some worn out mowing land that I wish to bring to better plowing, and not having manure to spare, I seek for some other fertilizer.

S. N. WATSON.

North Fayette, Aug. 15th, 1857.

A NEW BUSINESS. Many of the people in the north town in this country have been pursuing a new branch of industry for the last few years, viz: the "pogy business." During a number of the summer months, a small fish called poggy makes into the bays along the shores in shoals. They are taken in nets in large quantities, boiled in a large kettle fitted up in a furnace at the shore, then passed into a press constructed like a cider press, and the oil expressed from them. It is then barreled up and sent to Boston market. It generally brings from \$15 to \$18 per bbl. During the best of the season, the business is profitable. We know of an instance where a man and a boy, last week, made three barrels of this oil. Thousands of dollars are annually earned in this way by those who carry on the farming business. [Ellsworth American.]

## GLIMPSES IN SYRACUSE.

Mr. Editor:—Among the objects worthy of note in Syracuse, are the Salt Works, Malt House and Brewery, a hasty sketch of which may interest some of your readers. These Salt Works are held as State property, and each manufacturer pays a duty of one cent per bushel. According to the Superintendent's report of 1857, which I have in my possession, 5,966,810 bushels were manufactured in 1856. At one cent per bushel, this pays the State a revenue of \$59,668 10. The salt is produced from salt water obtained from wells. Most of the water for this large quantity of salt is obtained from four wells.— Their respective depths are, No. 1, 339 feet; No. 2, 320 feet; No. 3, 313 feet; and No. 4, 287 feet. There are two methods of making salt from the brine. One is by boiling, which is conducted on quite an extensive scale. The arches in which the boilers are set will average nearly 100 feet in length, and contain, on an average, fifty-two kettles, set in two rows, which are all boiled by one fire. I was informed, by one of the operators, that one arch, containing 52 boilers, would produce 140 bushels of salt in 24 hours. The reader may now wish to know how salt water or brine, as they properly call it, is, which comes from these wells. On this as other points I was quite particular, and ascertained that it is as salt as it can be. It contains about all the salt that water will dissolve.

One kettle of brine produces 14 bushels fine salt, after a waste of about one half bushel of steam and impure salt. After being boiled low enough, a basket is placed over the kettle, resting on sticks laid across. The salt is then ladled into this basket to drain, and presents a handsome appearance, being purely white, and is now finished. I visited but few of the many blocks occupied for boiling, but from the Superintendent's report referred to, I find there are 304 blocks, with an average of 52 kettles each, making 15808 boilers employed.

Another method of making salt is by evaporation in the sun. The brine is put into shallow vats or holdens, to a depth of eight to twelve inches. These are usually about 100 feet long and 15 to 20 feet wide, with covers made to slide over at night or in rainy weather. This is uncovered only in sunshine. In about thirty days the sun evaporates the water, leaving a beautiful, coarse, white salt, called solar salt. There is in and about Syracuse 500 acres of land covered with these evaporating vats. I have before said that these works are mainly supplied with brine from four wells. A wooden tube with an eight inch bore is sunk the entire depth, and the efflux is such that the water rises in the tubes near to the surface. The brine from the wells is thrown 120 feet, or 80 feet perpendicular height, into a large reservoir, from which it is supplied to the several vats and boilers.

There are four pumps, being both suction and force, worked by water power with overhead wheels. Mr. Lovejoy, the man in charge of the pumps, stated that each pump would throw into the reservoir 21 bbls. per minute. The brine obtained here is no doubt formed by the water passing over a strata of fossil salt. In 1838, a boring was carried 600 feet deep, expecting to find a bed of salt, but terminated in pure fresh water.

I was personally much interested in the Salt Works at Syracuse; and the particulars stated, arising from my own observation, are from reliable sources. After inspecting these operations, I came to the conclusion that there could be but little danger of potash in Syracuse; and it is believed that the evaporation of salt water here has a very beneficial effect on the health of the city.

I visited Greenway's Malt House and Brewery. At this place the way they use up barley and rye is not slow. Mr. G. informed me that he malted 120 bushels of barley and 50 bushels of rye daily for five days in the week, during eleven months in the year, which amounts to 26,400 bushels of barley. This he consumes in one brewery. Mr. Greenway is building another similar establishment, which will double the quantity of grain to be used. Mr. G. is a Scotchman, and I suppose, when his beer gets to Maine, it will be pure Scotch ale.

O. WHITTIER.

Syracuse, N. Y., Aug. 8, 1857.

P. S. The wheat crop in Western New York will be very light this season in consequence of weevil and rust. I have visited some of the best wheat growing counties, including the Genesee flats, and they will not realize over one quarter of a harvest. This is the third year since the first failure of wheat here. Many of the farmers are anxious to sell and go west.

THE HOLLYHOCK. In Europe, at the present time, the hollyhock seems to be the favorite of the florists for fancy and show flowers, having taken the place held by the Dahlia a few years since. The varieties of the double hollyhock, in the combinations of color and form, seem almost endless. At all the leading florists' exhibitions, liberal premiums are offered and awarded to hollyhocks of the different classes, and plants of named prize varieties, sold at high prices. The Paris correspondent of the Providence Journal, under date of July 3, says:

"In the art galleries of the Champs Elysees Palace, hollyhocks seemed a favorite subject. In one of the large rooms the central picture on the right was a clump of gorgeous crimson and yellow hollyhocks on a caress of six feet by ten. The fine scenic effect of this flower, apparently so little appreciated in our country, seems to be fully recognized in France and England. In crayons, in water-colors, and in oil, they constitute a prominent feature of the exhibition."

REMARKABLE SUNFISH. This fish, which is a native of tropical climates, resembles the head of a large fish, with fins or flappers at the rear, and the specimens which have been caught have rarely exceeded three or four hundred pounds in weight. At Hempstead, L. I. lately, a pleasure party discovered and captured one of these animals, which had been left in a hollow of the beach by the receding tide, and a measurement showed that it was 9 1/2 feet long by 4 feet broad. It weighed about nine hundred pounds, and is the largest on record, so far as we know. The sunfish seldom is captured so far north, but Goldsmith mentions one weighing five hundred pounds which was caught near Plymouth, England.

## BOSTON COMMON.

BY WESLEY BROOKS.

At present, sir, or madam, or good woman, Permit a word's discourse about the Common. I care not else what makes the civic boast. But this is solid ground: with honest pride I mark, on wintry days, the striding host. Down they track their arrowy cutters guide; Or, eager on thy lakel's rock-bound coast, Trimming their mimic fleets at summer tide, And deem thy future men a manlier race, For their free sports in nature's open face.

Sweet are thy shadowy walks and covering green, When suns of June face through the fiery street; A sunnier street, beneath thine almy screen, Down the sweet pathway, and the almy nest; The tripping maidens, sometimes to be seen, The babies, in their odorous dresses, And sweet the breeze, that soft the verdant breast, From heaven's bright chambers in the sweet south-west.

Sweet is it there, when moon's reviving blush Thine every tree-top floods with streaming gold, While bright-eyed arches snatch health's ruddy host— Flung the swift ball—the driven circle rolled— And, fresh from sleep, toil's anxious children rush Across thy paths—meanwhile from curtained fold, Hard by, with melodies of morning pour Where Beacon, Park street, Tremont, Boylston stand!

And sweet at eve, when day's descending beams Leave their broad track of glory in the skies, Deceit, as colored soft in memory's dreams, Than joy itself, joy's shadow as it flies— Sweet in those haunts, oh, passing sweet it seems, To stroll, and, may be, looking into eyes, Soft as those softening shades that close the day, As star-deeps deep, that melt in light away.

Sweet is thine evening music—cheap-bought draught Of pleasure—hark! the mellow rapture breathes! And sweet thy fountain; when the azure shaft First heavenward sprang, crowned with its snow-white wreaths.

Of sparkling foam, a new-born beauty leaped In nature's radiant face—and, as it leaped The glittering spray, sweet are the rainbow hues Which light, with dyes of heaven, those falling dews. Here are the city's lungs, air, sunshine, shade, Play-ground for hop-scotch, cricket, hockey, ball— Here, civic warriors hold their high parade, Or civic tents betoken festival!

Here lovers whisper, sailors grave and staid Discuss the news, or deep debate grave— Talk of your wealth, indeed! what's more as frost on December's board, your Common, sir, makes Boston. We do not give adequate attention to seeding our grass land. Many an acre is now mown or pastured, which never received a thimble full of seed from the hand of man. It may produce grass, but many other plants—weeds, rather, occupy a portion of the space and pay no rent therefor. Had the good seed been sown there would have been few vacancies for the bad, and valuable forage would have covered the whole surface. In seeding new land too little care is given to preparing for the seed—on new and old we sow too small a quantity—sowing a dollar in seed to lose ten in hay or pasture. To varieties we also give too little heed—forgetting that the different grasses are in their prime for only a short part of the year, and that by a due mixture of varieties we may keep our pastures green from early spring until the snow covers them from our sight.

A still greater loss results from want of drainage. Especially is this true of our permanent meadows and pastures, which are generally located on land unfitted for the low—swampy or hilly, full of springs and low places just fitted for holding stagnant water. In low, swampy land, where surface water stands late in spring, the cultivated grasses are destroyed and flags and rushes soon take their place. If the grass "still lives" its value is much deteriorated, and a sickly growth is given, poor as pasture and worthless as hay. The remedy lies in proper surface drainage, where the situation is unfavorable to a more thorough course of procedure. A few days' work will often save largely in increase of grass, both in quality and quantity. On hilly, springy land, a ditch to collect the water at the fountain head, instead of allowing it to spread over a large space, will often prove a great benefit. Many cases might be cited, but every farmer can see in a wet season where drainage is of the first necessity, and where it would work wonders in the character and value of the crops produced.

Dry land in grass often suffers severely from poverty of the soil—want of manure—as well as from the shallow character of the previous culture. A deep rich soil will stand drought far better and longer than a hard and poor one. That culture which gives the best grain and root crops, best prepares the land for the growth of clover and the grasses. Let such land be deeply cultivated and well manured, and with or after the first crop, liberally stocked to grass, and the product will be all that can be desired. Up-land pastures and meadows may be improved by a top-dressing of fine manure, or of ashes, plaster, bone-dust, guano, &c. Plaster especially, should be sown on young clover—it will increase its growth and aid it materially in enduring the first winter.

We must give this subject more thorough attention. There is no need of spreading our pastures so thin that they cover half our farms. Make them better and we can keep more stock or give more acres to other crops. The more stock the more manure, the better grain, and the greater the products and profits of our farms. Improvement here, begins at the very foundation of good husbandry, and leads on to progress in the thorough culture of the whole farm—to better crops, better stock, and better return for our labor. Let us begin the work at once. Let us level down and fill up, dig out stumps and stones, and give the over-ready grasses room to grow and flourish. He has been called a benefactor of his race, who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before; let us deserve the name of a hundred fold. [Moore's Rural New Yorker.]

POTOMAC HAY. A farmer in Ashtabula, Ohio complains that he has lately lost seven head of cattle by their eating poisoned hay. It appears that the poison is in the form of ergot, a smutty excrescence which grows on the June grass. It is known as ergot, in the shape of a diseased and enlarged seed, of dark color, varying from the size of a wheat grain to three-fourths of an inch long.





THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 12, 1887.

## A NEW JAIL.

We are glad to see that our County Commissioners are going ahead manfully in the business of building a new jail in this county.

This is a work of humanity and therefore of necessity, and we hope and trust that the old jail which has become a blot and a disgrace upon the moral and even christian character of the good old county of Kennebec, will soon be demolished.

Mr. Bryant, an experienced and accomplished architect, has furnished plans and estimates of an improved structure for the new jail. They have been accepted by the commissioners. We had the pleasure not long since of examining them, and if carried out in the construction, we shall have a county building that will combine all the requisites of the safe keeping of prisoners, and also be easily ventilated, easily and safely warmed, well lighted, and every way adapted to the health of the prisoners, while the keeper will have the means of keeping them cleanly, preventing improper association, and practicing such reformatory restraint and punishment as is or should be the true design of jails and prisons.

On a careful and patient investigation of the whole question in all its bearings, the Commissioners came to the following conclusion which they entered upon their records, from which we are permitted to copy it:

At a meeting of the County Commissioners of Kennebec County, held at their office in the Court House in Augusta, Thursday, May 21st, 1887, the matter of the condition of the County Jail was discussed in the Board, and the Commissioners were unanimously of the opinion that the jail is wholly unfit for the purposes for which it is intended and used; and more especially on account of the want of sufficient warmth, light, ventilation and cleanliness; that it is insanitary, dangerous to life, and detrimental to the health and morals to imprison persons therein. They were also of opinion that public sentiment, as well as public convenience and necessity, now demands that a New Jail and House of Correction should be built for the use of the County, in such manner as to secure those important principles in prison construction and discipline which time and experience have well established, namely: classification, supervision, security, light, warmth, ventilation, humanity, future extension, employment, instruction and discipline. And thereupon—

Voted, To proceed at once with the preliminary measures necessary to the erection of a new County Jail and House of Correction.

## DEATH OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.

By the latest foreign arrivals we have news of the deaths of the Rev. Thomas Dick, Mr. Delane, formerly managing editor of the London Times, and Eugene Sue, the renowned French novelist. Probably no writer on theology was ever so extensively and so favorably known as Dr. Dick. His death, which occurred on the 29th ult., at Broughty Ferry, Scotland, at the age of eighty-three, is supposed to have been hastened by the loss of two grand-children. A contemporary says—

Dr. Dick was educated for the ministry, but being more devoted to science than to the duties of the sacred office, he retired to follow his taste. He gave up all ideas of entering the pulpit, and devoted himself with renewed ardor to his scientific studies. Although he is the author of no brilliant discovery, yet in the great and needed art of laying the fruits of scientific research before the world in clear and attractive language, no man has surpassed if equaled him. His works have shown their merit by their wide-extended popularity—going wherever the English tongue has gone, and being equally acceptable to the educated and uneducated. They comprise about ten substantial volumes.

A few years ago, it will be recollected, the report was spread in this country that notwithstanding his great service in the cause of popular literature, Dr. Dick was in straitened, if not absolutely needy circumstances. It was too true; but the contributions that were forwarded to him and a small pension afterwards bestowed upon him by government, in tardy recognition of his merits relieved him from embarrassment, and made his last days not only comfortable, but full of little benevolent acts towards all the suffering around him. He lived amid the esteem and regard of his neighbors; but his great distinction is that, having written so long and so much he has written "no line which dying he could wish to blot."

Eugene Sue, well known in this country by his many works of fiction, was born in Paris, in 1808. He studied medicine, and made several voyages as naval surgeon. Afterwards, having squandered a handsome estate, left him by his father, he took to writing romances. Although his works are very numerous, those by which he is best known, and upon which his fame as a novelist will rest, are the "Mysteries of Paris" and "The Wandering Jew."

We also notice the death, on the 5th inst., of Bishop Blomfield, of London, from an apoplectic fit. He was 71 years of age.

## BARLEY FLOUR FROM AROOSTOOK.

Barley flour makes very good bread, and we do not know why it is not more generally used than is the case. We have received a very handsome specimen of flour, manufactured from Aroostook barley, from J. B. Hall, Esq., of Presque Isle, accompanied by the following letter:—

"One of our farmers in this vicinity, Mr. James Sutter, brought some barley to mill, to-day which he raised this season. Mr. Sutter informed us that the barley was sown on the tenth day of May, was cut August 3, and ground to-day, August 10th, just three months from the day the seed was sown. The average yield was 30 bushels to the acre. I enclose a specimen of the flour. We have an excellent flour mill in this village, owned by Sumner Whitney Esq., which has ground, within the last twelve months, upwards of 16,000 bushels of grain, as we are informed by the miller, Mr. Hughes. This is some evidence of the thrift of our farmers and the fertility of our soil."

NEW PAPER IN AROOSTOOK. A prospectus of the Aroostook Pioneer has just been issued. It is to be published by Jos. B. Hall and Wm. S. W. Gilman, and the first number will probably be issued the first of January. Aroostook has now no local press, and we think the people of the county will extend a generous patronage to a paper devoted expressly to their interest. We shall notice it again, upon its appearance.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT. On Saturday, Albert Boynton, of this city, an employee on the K. & P. R. R., fell or was knocked from the cars near Falmouth, and his left arm so seriously injured as to render amputation necessary. We do not learn that he sustained any other injury.

WATERVILLE COLLEGE. At the recent commencement, President Pattison resigned his office and Prof. Champlin was elected to fill the vacancy. The exercises of the graduating class displayed more than ordinary talent.

## KENNEBEC &amp; PORTLAND RAILROAD.

Our readers will remember that at a citizens meeting in Portland, a few weeks since, leave was given the Kennebec & Portland Railroad to lay their rails through Canal St., if they would widen that street to 100 feet, at their own expense, where thus occupied. This condition not proving acceptable to the corporation, at a second meeting of citizens of Portland, on motion of Jeddiah Jewett, the following preamble and resolution were passed by an almost unanimous vote:

Whereas, both public and private convenience would be greatly promoted by the discontinuance of the Cumberland and Oxford Canal, for a sufficient distance above its present outlet, to permit the several railroads which now propose to enter the city in vicinity to use its present site for their road bed and to change the location of their common depot above the Portland Bridge, thereby lessening the great danger to life and limb now hourly encountered in passing said bridge; and whereas, said changes cannot be made immediately, therefore

Resolved, That we recommend to the City Council, to permit the Kennebec and Portland Railroad to lay their track upon and along the southerly side of Canal street, free of any charge for damages for right of way, for a term of time not exceeding ten years.

This change will be found, as we have before remarked, a most acceptable one to all travelers between the Kennebec and Boston, by way of the railroads.

## THE AQUEDUCT.

We feel gratified to find so many individuals in and about the locality of the "Aqueduct at the forks," feel a lively interest in getting up such permanent fixtures as shall not only relieve the proprietors of the aqueduct from too often repairs in that part, which contributes so largely to the public convenience, but also be a testimonial of gratitude to the originators and builders of the aqueduct.

We have received proffers of aid from many, and also communications on the subject. Bro. Drew of the Rural enters heartily into the project. In his last week's number he says:

All persons who ever passed the "Forks of the Road," for the small village of Manchester, about a mile west of the city of Hallowell and Augusta, have been refreshed by the little but active jet, that fills a large and convenient trough, with pure water, in front of the Mansion House—stately edifice, which, in the days of our youth, was owned and occupied by Gen. Jesse Robinson, formerly High Sheriff of Kennebec, now Higher Chief of Waterville. Dr. Holmes, Editor of the Maine Farmer, which is published in the city, has occasion every week to pass that welcome watering place on his way from his home in Winthrop to Augusta; and in his last paper he bestows a complimentary notice on Gen. Robinson the proprietor, and H. D. Morrill, the Pump maker, who nearly 50 years ago, constructed the aqueduct that supplies this refreshing stream. His encomiums on the beneficence of these men is well deserved.

We vote for Dr. Holmes, and ask him to accept one dollar from a brother Editor's humble means, as a tribute towards the Monument he has erected.

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**DROWNED.** On Thursday last, Geo. E. Humphries, attached to the Coast survey, was drowned in the Kennebec a few miles below Bath, by the upsetting of his boat. Mr. Cyrus Nichols, who was in company with him succeeded in getting upon a rock in the stream, from which he was rescued. Mr. H. was a resident of Cambridge, Mass., and about 21 years of age.

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## CANTON POINT, ME.

Mr. Estor:—Canton Point is the most magnificent farming land in Maine. It was cultivated from time immemorial by the Indians, who had a large village at this place. The locality called "the Point," is formed by an outcrop from point to point of the bow, and more than a mile back, and contains some 1000 acres. The first white man that lived here was Major Wm. Livermore, who owned the whole of this excellent tract of land.

At the time of his settling on it, there was a growth of white birch, poplar, and other wood here, none of it more than a foot in diameter; manifestly having all grown after it was left by the Indians. All over it were the traces of the hills of Indian corn, cultivated by them. The original growth, if there ever was any, was entirely gone, there not being the remains of even old wood. The presumption is, that for ages it had been improved by the Indians in the raising of corn, which was almost the only vegetable cultivation by them. But although so long under cultivation, its fertility is by no means exhausted.

More than sixty years have elapsed since Major Livermore commenced cultivating it, and it has yielded an abundant harvest every year since; yet the crop of this year is excellent. The grass, grain, corn, and potatoes are luxuriant as any upon virgin soil, showing conclusively, that the intestines of Maine have an enduring and not easily exhausted soil.

This splendid interval is now owned by— Foster, Esq., and Doctor Cornelius Holland and his son. It was sold by Major Livermore to Gen. Joseph Holland, for \$5,000, and is now one of the most valuable and delightful localities in Maine.

A rural village of neat buildings, extending along upon a broad and level street, shaded by venerable elms, having this broad and highly cultivated interval in front, and gentle eminence in the rear, with the placid Androscoggin glistening in the sunlight on either hand, presents a picture of rural beauty seldom seen. Above and below, on the river, are other broad intervals on which are large and valuable farms. Back of the village, and in sight of the road, is a rural cemetery, well worth the notice of the passing traveler. It is private property, although all, whether owners or not, are permitted to deposit here the cherished objects of their affection.

It is on a beautiful eminence on the farm of Doctor Holland, well, although not ostentatiously fenced, and adorned with trees, shrubbery, and flowers, rendering it attractive to the living. Monuments are erected at nearly every grave, in some instances, when the friends are poor, or gone, at the expense of the owners of the ground. A gentleman who lives near, and whom I would name, were it not that persons who engage in such labors of affection never desire to have it known beyond the circle of their neighbors, spends many of his leisure hours in ornamenting the graves of the sleepers beneath, with shrubbery and flowers. At the grave of some pauper who rests here, he has erected stones with their initials chiseled therein, and upon the mounds which rest upon his bosom, are growing beautiful flowers, planted and watered by his hand.

I know of no better indication of a kindly, genial, and loving spirit, in a community, than their making the home of their cherished dead beautiful and lovely, in the view of every passer by. Had I never visited the homes of the living at Canton Point, I should know on visiting the home of their dead, that there dwell here Christian faith and hope, in living and affectionate hearts.

Canton Point was the residence of the Rokonoko tribe of Indians. This tribe, which in 1755 numbered some hundreds, occupied the point and the intervals above and below. As before observed, it was all cleared and improved by the Indians in raising corn—how long it had been cultivated is of course unknown. Between 1755 and 1758, the small port broke out among these Indians, communicated to them by the French during the "old French war," and destroyed nearly the whole tribe. The few that remained went to Canada, and when that point was visited by Major Livermore and others, there were a few individuals who occasionally visited and lingered around the ancient home.

Pierpolo and his family were among these. He was found by the first explorers of the Sandy River Valley, in 1776, on the "great interval," near Farmington Falls. He afterwards settled in Strong. When the General Court of Massachusetts granted the town of Strong to the proprietors, one lot was reserved for the use of Pierpolo.

He built the second framed house in that town. Pierpolo had a son, Susep, who was educated at Dartmouth College. After his return from College he abandoned the habits of civilized life, assumed his Indian garb, and returned to his former mode of life. Another of his children, Kate, married a drunken Canadian Indian, by the name of John Mitchell.

Doctor Holland informs me, that about sixty years ago, he saw Pierpolo and his wife Hannah, with Susep and Kate, in the town of Dixfield, on their way to Canada, which was the last of their being in this vicinity.

Molycock was a woman of this tribe who lingered around the Point, then lived in Bethel, and finally lived in Andover. At Bethel she attended Methodist meetings, and professed to become a convert. She was accustomed to speak in their meetings, but she could not divest herself of the idea that she ought to make confession to the priest, and occasionally went to Canada for that purpose. She was present at the birth of the first child born in the town of Andover, and she and the mother being the only females at that time in the town. She nursed the mother and continued to reside in that town until her death, at the advanced age of more than one hundred years. The Rev. Mr. Strickland, pastor of the church in Andover conducted the religious services at her funeral, and she was buried in the cemetery of that town. Metolic, another Indian of this tribe, settled and died on the shore of Umbagog Lake.

The Indian burying ground at Canton Point has been found, and great numbers of skulls and bones, and other remains exhumed. The skulls and teeth were in a perfect state of preservation, whilst the other remains on being exposed to the air crumbled into dust. Some of the bodies were enclosed in birch bark—some were in a horizontal and others in a perpendicular position. Great numbers of Indian implements have been found, such as hatchets, gouges, chisels, &c. Emblems of Catholicism have also been found, showing that the Rokonoko tribe were among the trophies of the Jesuit priests of the early part of the last century. It is a reproach to the Protestant Christianity of New England, that the aboriginal inhabitants of our land melted away before its onward march, blotting out with fire and sword the last trace of the once happy dwellers upon the spots now and then so beautiful and lovely, whilst the Catholic French endeavored themselves to the hearts and affections of this noble-hearted and trusting people, by a uniform kindness and fraternal courtesy toward those whom they sought to benefit.

When the history of Indian wrongs is imparted

ally written, we, of New England, will not be among those who will be authorized to cast stones at others, for the sin of injustice and oppression. Canton Point, Aug. 24, 1887.

## GATHERED NEWS FRAGMENTS.

**The New Sugar Crop.** Washington, August 17. Advice from the New Orleans papers from Plaquemine state that cane was growing rapidly. The new crop of sugar would be in the market by the middle of October, three weeks earlier than usual. The corn crop was larger than ever before. Rice is abundant; the harvest would commence in two weeks.

**Fire.** We are informed that the place of public entertainment of lumbermen on the "Grant Place," near Lake Chocomauc, occupied by John Winn, Esq., of Bangor, and owned by Mr. Harvey H. Reed, was totally destroyed by fire on Saturday, 15th. This place was much frequented by lumbermen, sometimes as many as one hundred being entertained at a night.

**A Cashier Charged with Larceny.** Chicago, August 20. S. Benson, Jr., formerly Cashier of the Merchants' and Mechanics' Bank, in this city, was arrested at St. Paul, Minnesota, on Sunday, at the instance of Mr. Woodworth, the President, on the charge of larceny to the amount of \$50,000 of the funds of the Bank.

**Indian Fighting.** Dubuque, August 20. Hostilities have again broken out between the Sioux and Chippewas. On the 1st of August, a band of Chippewas attacked a detached party of Sioux near Laetoxia and took thirty scalps, and then retreated down Red River.

**Good News.** The stock of sugar on hand in New York last week, as we learn from the New York Post, is not less than 100,000 bushels, besides from 15,000 to 20,000 hds. Melado. The Post states that the decline in price on this stock since the last inst., including reduction of duty, is at least two and a half or three millions! The fall is fully 11 cents per pound on general qualities, and the market remains depressed. Recent importations from the West Indies, costing 114 cents, have been sold in lots at 94 cents.

**Judicial Decision.** In the Court Common Pleas at Plymouth, Mass., last week, a suit was brought for damages in consequence of the plaintiff's mill way being filled with sawdust from a mill on the same stream. The plaintiff recovered damages \$200. This is said to be the first case of the kind ever tried in that State.

**Portugal.** Considerable sensation had been created by the discovery of extensive frauds in the wine trade. Government had seized a large quantity of mixture brought from England to Oporto, and intended to be taken back as veritable port wine. About three thousand pipes of these mixtures, which comprise bad alcohol, with molasses and the essence of tar, are said to be now in London.

**A New Brunswick Railroad Opened.** St. John, N. B., August 20. The Railroad between Shediac and Moncton was opened yesterday morning. It is estimated about 6000 persons enjoyed themselves of the opportunity to enjoy a ride upon the occasion.

**Fire.** The machine shop of Messrs Whitney, Hamilton & Co., Milltown, St. Stephen, was destroyed by fire last Friday. Loss \$7,000, and no insurance.

**Damages by Wolves.** The wolves killed 7 sheep, Tuesday night last, belonging to Stillman Gethell, of Marshfield. They were only a few yards distant from the house.

**Arrival of Troops at Fort Kearney.** St. Louis, Aug. 21. A letter in the Republican dated Fort Kearney, 7th inst., says that the 5th and 10th Regiments of Infantry and Phelps battery, had arrived there. Capt. Van Kleef had gone on in advance on important business. The troops were much dissatisfied, and the two Infantry Regiments had lost nearly 500 men by desertion.

**Fall of a Warehouse.** Cincinnati, Aug. 21. The brick warehouse occupied by Charles Roddy, fell last evening, under a pressure of 1600 barrels of wheat, stored in the lofts. The adjoining buildings, occupied by Calvin Fletcher, and J. A. Skiff, were badly injured. Loss \$20,500.

**Suspicious.** The New York Express mentions the total loss, the 20th of May, of the schooner Julian of South Thomaston, Herman Chase, master, on a reef of the Bahamas near Albert Town, under suspicious circumstances. The vessel was worth about \$5000, and the cargo was valued at and insured for \$40,000. The cargo and vessel was sold by the master, without advice, and the captain remitted from the sale only about \$2,300.

**ACTIVITY AT THE NAVY YARD.** The visitor to the Navy Yard is now struck with the unusual activity which pervades every department of the establishment. The work on the new machine named Robinet, for projecting torpedoes, is well advanced, and a portion of the roofing completed. The refitting of the Macedonian is now giving employment to the joiners, who are erecting her bulwarks. The Merrimack lies under the "beak," having her engines repaired. This being reported to Gen. Armstrong, he despatched the Ranoeko was yesterday stripped of her sails, preparatory to entering the Dry Dock. This noble vessel has been thoroughly inspected internally by a number of naval constructors, including the inspectors of the Navy Yard at Portsmouth and Brooklyn, with the design of ascertaining the extent of the injury which her hull has sustained since the vessel was launched, at which time, it will be remembered, she "broke back."

We understand that Mr. Delano, the constructor at this station, is under apprehensions of being obliged to cut the ship in halves transversely in order to remedy the defect occasioned by the dropping of the keel, which is supposed to have fallen about six inches, and with it the engines. (Boston Journal.)

**FORMOSA SEIZED BY OUR GOVERNMENT.** The New York Times has a letter from Hong Kong, correspondent stating that Capt. J. D. Simms of the United States Marine Corps, had been dispatched to Formosa, with instructions to hoist the American flag and formally take possession of the island. It is to be held as a strategic point for the maintenance of American citizens during the present war. The writer says the step has given the English "huge satisfaction." The Times, while respecting the source of this singular information, hesitates about giving full credence to it. The island of Formosa lies about ninety miles off the South-east coast of China, embraces an area of about 15,000 square miles, and contains over two millions of Chinese inhabitants, besides an unknown number of natives, who inhabit principally the eastern portion of the island.

**THE REVENUE.** The Washington correspondent of the New York Courier and Enquirer gives the revenue returns for July, as follows:

New York	\$7,002,203.24
Boston	702,313.65
Philadelphia	647,514.07
Baltimore	219,508.00
New Orleans	174,053.00
Estimated for minor ports	150,000.00
Total for July	\$8,855,591.96

The receipts for the present month will be, as shown by the last fortnight's returns, not far from \$6,500,000. The unexpectedly heavy receipts for this month justify an estimate for the quarter of \$29,500,000, which is \$1,500,000 in excess of the amount assumed by me in my statement of the 12th inst.

**FIRE.** The dwelling house of Mr. Gardner C. Harmon, in Alfred, was burnt to the ground on Monday evening of this week. Very little furniture saved.

The house, barn and outbuildings, together with the contents, belonging to Mr. Olin Fowler, of Jefferson, were destroyed by fire on the 8th inst. Loss \$1,500—no insurance—origin of fire unknown—first discovered in the front entrance of the house. (Portland Advertiser.)

## WASHINGTON ITEMS.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 17. The Secretary of the Treasury has, on appeal, confirmed the decision of the Collectors of Philadelphia that cotton fabric, cords and corduroy, velveteens, druggings, repellent moleskins and cotton fabrics, and gingham, were properly charged twenty-four per centum. He also confirmed the decision of the Collector of New York that walrus were properly charged twenty-four, and almonds thirty per centum.

Although the jury in the case of Droyen, attacking the jury in the case of Droyen, although they were confined in their room four days, they were this morning discharged, being unable to agree upon a verdict. The court then adjourned for the term.





## ARRIVAL OF THE COLUMBIA.

The steamship Columbia arrived on Monday of last week, bringing date from Europe to the 5th inst., four days later than previous arrivals. The following summary comprises everything of interest:

Lord Panmure had introduced a bill authorizing the enlistment of militia without calling Parliament together, and announced the intention of considerably increasing the rank and file of the army.

Lord Brougham has made a speech in favor of the extension of the franchise.

Lord Russell's motion, in the House of Commons, for a committee to inquire if Jews could be admitted on affirmation under existing laws was agreed to.

Mr. Delane, formerly manager of the Times, and Eugene Sue are dead.

An Italian paper had published Martin's defense, but it was suppressed. He declares he will not cease till his object is accomplished.

A dispatch from Spain intimates that Marshal Serrano supersedes Canchoa.

The French Ambassador in Turkey has suspended relations, because the Moldavian elections were not set aside.

The India Company it is understood, have made a requisition for 6000 additional troops.

The Indian loan of 5 to 10,000,000 is spoken of again.

It is rumored that Russia refuses to evacuate Herat, being prompted thereby by the Indian revolt.

The Hague, August 3. The Netherlands government has presented to the States General a project de loi, having for its object the abolition of slavery in the West Indies. The basis of the project will be an indemnity, which is calculated at 34,000,000 guilders, to be paid to the proprietors of slaves.

From India, London, Tuesday evening. Steamer Colombo has arrived at Southampton with the China and India mails.

The Daily News Southampton correspondent says the passengers from India by the Colombo finally believe that Delhi has fallen. The state that the Bazar intelligence outside government news, and that according to Bazar intelligence Delhi had fallen.

When the Madras passengers left, an emote was fully expressed at this presidency. The Europeans were under arms.

Sixteen hundred armed men were found about the residence of the king of Oude, although according to treaty he was not allowed one armed attendant.

Sir Colin Campbell's passage through Egypt was an ovation. He proposes dividing the army into five or six flying divisions, with a General at the head of each.

The Globe says: The whole of the large force placed under orders for India, before the arrival of the last mail will be embarked by the end of this week. It has since been determined substantially to increase the force to 22,000 men, with some addition to the Artillery force, two Regiments of Cavalry and four of Infantry will be one of the Cavalry corps, and the other probably the 4th or 5th Dragoon Guards. The Infantry Regiments will be increased to 22,000 men, and the Artillery force to 22,000 men.

Owing to the large Artillery force being sent out, Major General Darnley will proceed in command of that branch of the Army, and probably the 4th or 5th Dragoon Guards. The Infantry Regiments will be increased to 22,000 men, and the Artillery force to 22,000 men.

The Times City Article says:—The extent to which the estimate of the cost of the insurrection is augmented by all the details received by last mail. The plan of the Government, having, according to one statement, reached nearly £2,000,000, was among the causes of the increased heaviness in Consols yesterday, and of the modification of the Turkish Ministry of Finance at the instigation of England at Constantinople.

Two hundred houses had been destroyed by fire at Galata.

The tribes of the Mutjes had pillaged the Christian mission at Sour, and the French Consul at Beyrut had been obliged to demand a public reparation of the outrage.

The London Morning Post gives editorial prominence to the following on the affairs of Turkey: "The change of the recent treaty of commerce, and the view of strengthening the forces in Madras and Bombay, which have been weakened by drafts from Bengal."

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Latest by Telegraph. London, Aug. 5, 5:30 p.m. Paris, Aug. 4. The Emperor and Empress will visit the Chateau de Compiègne on Monday, Aug. 5, and will reside at the residence of the Queen of England at their Majesties will set out on their return on Monday next.

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## THE MAINE

on the morning of the 6th, and were received with a royal salute from the fleet at Spithead. The visit was strictly a private one, and would not, it was believed, extend beyond the limits of Wight, and probably Portsmouth Navy Yard.

The most vigilant surveillance was kept up in the neighborhood of Osborne, and all over the island, a strong force of police from London and the constabulary were stationed at the beach at Osborne to prevent any approach of any shore boats. It was thought the Imperial party would return to France on the 10th.

Bishop Blomfield, of London, died on the 5th inst., from an epileptic attack, sent on the Continent.

A petition calling upon Parliament to send out a large military force to India that was presented, was receiving numerous signatures in Liverpool.

The house of Carr Bros. & Co., of Newcastle, extensive clothing owners, had temporarily suspended payment. Their liabilities were very large, but the assets were said to be ample.

Left Liverpool for Newfoundland simultaneously with the Arabia had been withdrawn, having been chartered by the government to convey the steamer Hibernia, which was to be sent to the island in a few days by the steamer.

The steamers Sarah Sands and Lebanon had also been taken off for India.

London correspondent of the Paris Presse says that the French Ambassador at Constantinople, M. de Launay, has brought an article alluding to the London Times for an article alluding to him in connection with the recently discovered conspiracy.

FRANCE. The trial of the Italians, accused of an attempt to assassinate the Emperor, had resulted in a verdict of acquittal, notwithstanding the circumstances in favor of Bartolotte and Ghili. The Court sentenced Thibault to transportation for life, and Bartolotte and Ghili to fifteen years imprisonment. The trial excited very little interest.

The Minister of War has decided that Kabyle, recently conquered, shall form a new military subdivision.

SPAIN. The Paris correspondent of the Times, says from 40 to 50,000 Spanish-Mexican troops, march into the Mexican territory as auxiliaries against the Spaniards. If any difficulty on the score of nationality had been raised they would have assumed the Mexican flag, and enrolled themselves as Mexican citizens or soldiers. The Mexican government seemed to have no objection to a war with Spain.

The same letter says that the Spanish Government, on the subject of its military preparations, has no mediation had been accepted. The effective strength of the army is expected soon to be 120,000 men, and there was a rumor in Madrid that the Spanish Government had decided to send a large expedition to Mexico.

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## FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Most of the sewage of London finds an outlet directly into the Thames, which in eight or ten miles of its course through the city, becomes surcharged with the foulest matter, materially affecting the health of the city, and the safety of its inhabitants. A commission has recently been formed to take into consideration the feasibility of securing another outlet for the sewage. The commission has recently reported, and states that the quantity of sewage for the metropolitan district alone, which flows daily into the Thames at the present time, is 15,249,771 cubic feet. The only practical mode of disposing of this sewage is to provide for its rapid removal from inhabited districts, and for its collection in main outlet channels, where private enterprise under proper control, may be at liberty to utilize it; but that when not required for such purposes, it should be disposed of in some other manner. The commission has also reported that the quantity of sewage for the metropolitan district alone, which flows daily into the Thames at the present time, is 15,249,771 cubic feet. The only practical mode of disposing of this sewage is to provide for its rapid removal from inhabited districts, and for its collection in main outlet channels, where private enterprise under proper control, may be at liberty to utilize it; but that when not required for such purposes, it should be disposed of in some other manner.

The progress of the Agamemnon to the Derna, the mechanical appliances for regulating the delivery of the cable into the sea were kept continually in motion by the small engine on board which controlled the cable; the sheaves and gearing worked with great facility and precision, and so quiet that at a short distance from their motion could not be detected. The strength of the girder which carry the bearing of the entire apparatus, and which, to the eye of a person unaccustomed to the practical working of this description of machinery, may seem at first to be unduly ponderous, was found to contribute greatly to the easy motion and the smoothness of the cable, and the rapidity of the success of the undertaking.

So soon as the Agamemnon had passed the track of the Submarine Cable between Cyprus and Calcutta, in order to avoid the possibility of its being injured by the laying or hauling up of another line at right angles to it, the expedition commenced a 15-inch cable was attached to the end of a spare coil of the Atlantic cable, for the purpose of sinking it rapidly with a strain upon the cable, and the cable was hauled up to the surface by the use of a small engine on board which controlled the cable; the sheaves and gearing worked with great facility and precision, and so quiet that at a short distance from their motion could not be detected. The strength of the girder which carry the bearing of the entire apparatus, and which, to the eye of a person unaccustomed to the practical working of this description of machinery, may seem at first to be unduly ponderous, was found to contribute greatly to the easy motion and the smoothness of the cable, and the rapidity of the success of the undertaking.

When the end was brought up to the surface it was found that the shell had broken away from the springing of the cable, and the cable was hauled up to the surface by the use of a small engine on board which controlled the cable; the sheaves and gearing worked with great facility and precision, and so quiet that at a short distance from their motion could not be detected. The strength of the girder which carry the bearing of the entire apparatus, and which, to the eye of a person unaccustomed to the practical working of this description of machinery, may seem at first to be unduly ponderous, was found to contribute greatly to the easy motion and the smoothness of the cable, and the rapidity of the success of the undertaking.

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## The Muse.

From the Lexington Gazette.

"IF YOU'RE COMING, WHY  
Don't You Come Along?"

"This saying," Horace Greeley says in speaking of the "Progress of the Age," "originated amongst the Bovey Boys, may be, but is destined to be a cosmopolitan. It began with individuals; it is going on with nations; it will end with the world."

When I was an old field's schoolmaster, I have often heard it ringing on the play grounds, and have applied it to the following lines, to the Spirit of the Times. D.

"Twas in a field—the old school,  
Where the boys were romping wild,  
I noted one, with a shining face,  
And he was but a child.  
And as he romped upon the green,  
With mind and muscle strong,  
Anon he'd cry to the lagging boys:  
"Why don't you come along?"

So said the boy, but when he spoke,  
The man was in that boy;  
And now his voice round Christendom,  
Rings like a bell of joy:  
For the world has taken up his cry,  
And joined him in the song,  
Now sang by nations in their march,  
"Why don't you come along?"

Come on! pause not! 'tis death to stop,  
The tide is at its flood;  
For men and things are on their march—  
Halt never, if you would,  
That cry is in the hearts of men,  
Their watch-word, right or wrong;  
And nations cry in every tongue:  
"Why don't you come along?"

The engine and the telegraph  
Proclaim it to the man—  
The man takes up the cheering cry,  
Which with the boy began,  
O'er word and plain—o'er sea and earth,  
It rings in startling song;  
"Why don't you come along?"

But yesterday, it took six men  
To make a pin; but now  
That little boy will do the work;  
When done, he'll exclaim, "How long."  
Thought follows action—then we pause  
To think; no longer strong;  
But still keep up the school boy's cry—  
"Why don't you come along?"

But yesterday, the reaper's hook  
Moved slowly through the grain;  
McMormon, with a storm of hooks  
The harvest sweeps again;  
And as he cuts, and cleans, and bags,  
He joins the world-wide song;  
Old fiddlers reapers—larry not—  
"Why don't you come along?"

Front! march! halt not! 'tis now the word  
To the regiment of men;  
Say what you have to say to once—  
Go! do it if you can.  
Birds sing it—the engine shrieks it;  
It's sung the stars among—  
All nature breathes the world's great cry:  
"Why don't you come along?"

SUMMER.

With a crimson fold of sunlight,  
Like a robe of warm and gold,  
Summer is sitting, drowsy and crowned;  
And Earth like a holiday city, drest  
With flags and banners and pennons bright  
For a conqueror's coming, had donned her best,  
And flaunts in a flash of color and light.

THE STORY TELLER.

From Dickens' Household Words.

HALF A LIFE-TIME AGO.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

Half a life-time ago there lived a single woman, of the name of Susan Dixon, in one of the Westmoreland dales. She was the owner of the farm-house where she resided, and of some thirty or forty acres of land by which it was surrounded. She was also an hereditary right to a sheep-walk, extending to the wilds that overhang Blea Tarn. In the language of the country, she was a Stateswoman. Her house is yet to be seen on the Oxenfold road, between Skelwith and Conistone. You go along a moorland track, made by the carts that occasionally come for turf from the Oxenfold. A brook bubbles and brattles by the wayside, giving you a sense of companionship which relieves the deep solitude in which this way is usually traversed. Some miles on this side of Conistone there is a farmstead—a grey stone house, and a square of farm-buildings surrounding a green space of rough turf, in the midst of which stands a mighty funeral, umbrageous yew, making a solemn shadow, as of death, in the very heart and centre of the brightest summer day. On the side away from the house, this yard slopes down to a dark-brown pool, which is supplied with fresh water from the over-flowings of a stone cistern, into which some rivulet of the brook before mentioned continually and melodiously falls and bubbles. The cattle drink out of this cistern. The household bring their pithers and fill them with drinking water by a dilatory, yet pretty, process. The water-carrier brings with her a leaf of the hound's-tongue fern, and, inserting it in the crevice of the grey rock, makes a cool green spout for the sparkling stream.

The house is no specimen, at the present day, of what it was in the lifetime of Susan Dixon. Then, every small diamond pane in the windows glittered with cleanliness. You might have eaten off the floor; you could see yourself in the pewter plates and the polished cauldron, or dresser, of the state kitchen into which you entered. Few strangers penetrated further than this room. Once or twice, wandering tourists, attracted by the lonely picturesqueness of the situation, and the exquisite cleanliness of the house itself, made their way into this house-place, and offered money enough (as they thought), to tempt the hostess to receive them as lodgers. They would give no trouble, they said; they would be out rambling or sketching all day long; they would be perfectly content with a share of the food which she prepared for herself; or would procure what they required from the Waterhead Inn at Conistone. But no liberal man—no fair words—moved her from her stony manner, or her monotonous tone of indifferent refusal. No persuasion could induce her to show any more of the house than the first room; no appearance of fatigue procured for the weary an invitation to sit down and rest; and if one more bold and less delicate sat down without being asked, Susan stood by, cold and apparently dead, or only replying by the briefest monosyllables, till the unwelcome visitor had departed. Yet those with whom she had dealings in the way of selling her cattle or her farm produce, spoke of her as keen as a bargain—a hard one to have to do with; and she never spared herself exertion or fatigue, at market or in the field, to make the most of her produce. She led the haymakers with her swift steady rake, and her noiseless evenness of motion. She was about among the earliest in the market, examining samples of oats, pricing them, and then turning with grim satisfaction to her own clean-corn.

She was served faithfully and long by those who were rather her fellow labourers than her servants. She was even and just in her dealings with them. If she was peculiar and silent, they knew that she might be relied on. Some of them had known her from her childhood; and deep in their hearts was an unspoken—almost unconscious—pity for her; for they knew her story, though they never spoke of it.

Yes; the time had been when that tall, gaunt, hard-featured, angular woman—who never smiled, and hardly ever spoke an unnecessary word—had been a fine-looking girl, bright-eyed and rosy; and when the heart at the Yew Nook had been as bright as she, with family love and youthful hope and mirth. Fifty or fifty-one years ago, William Dixon and his wife Margaret were alive; and Susan, their daughter, was about eighteen years old—ten years older than the only other child, a boy, named after his father. William and Margaret Dixon were rather superior people, of a character belonging—as far as I have seen—exclusively to the class of Westmoreland and Cumberland stavesmen—just, independent, upright; not given to much speaking; kind-hearted, but not demonstrative; disliking change, and new ways, and new people; sensible and shrewd; each household self-contained, and having little curiosity as to their neighbors, with whom they rarely met for any social intercourse, save at the stated times of sheep-shearing and Christmas; having a certain kind of sober pleasure in amassing money, which occasionally made them miserable (as they felt miserably people up in the north) in their old age; reading no light or ephemeral literature, but the grave, solid books brought round by the pedlars (the Paradise Lost and Regained, the Death of Abel, the Spiritual Quixote, and the Pilgrim's Progress) were to be found in nearly every house; the men occasionally going off larking, i. e. playing, i. e. drinking for days together, and having to be hunted up by anxious wives, who dared not leave their husbands to the chances of the wild precipitous roads, but walked miles and miles, lantern in hand, in the dead of night, to discover and guide the solemnly-drunken husband home; who had a dreadful headache the next day, and the day after that came forth as grave, and sober, and virtuous-looking as if there were no such things as salt and spirituous liquors in the world; and who were seldom reminded of their misdoings by their wives, to whom such occasional outbreaks were as things of course, when once the immediate anxiety produced by them was over. Such were—such are—the characteristics of a class now passing away from the face of the land, as their compomers, the yeomen, have done before. Of such was William Dixon. He was a shrewd clever farmer, in his day and generation, when shrewdness was rather shown in the breeding and rearing of sheep and cattle than in the cultivation of land. Owing to this character of his, his statement from a distance beyond Kendal, or from Borrowdale, of greater wealth than he, would send his sons to farm-servants for a year or two with him, in order to learn some of his methods before setting up on land of their own. When Susan, his daughter, was about seventeen, one Michael Hurst was farm-servant at Yew Nook. He worked with the master and lived with the family, and was in all respects treated as an equal, except in the field. His father was a wealthy statesman at Wythburne, up beyond Grassmere; and through Michael's servitude the families had become acquainted, and the Dixons went over to the High Beck sheep-shearings, and the Hursts came down by Red Bank and Loughrigg Tarn and across the Oxenfold when there was the Christmas-tide feasting at Yew Nook. The fathers strolled round the fields together, examined cattle and sheep, and looked knowing over each other's horses. The mothers inspected the dairies and household arrangements, each openly admiring the plans of the other, but secretly preferring their own. Both fathers and mothers cast a glance from time to time at Michael and Susan, who were thinking of nothing less than farm or dairy, but whose unspoken attachment was in all ways so suitable and natural a thing that each parent rejoiced over it, although, with characteristic reserve, it was never spoken about—not even between husband and wife.

Susan had been a strong, independent, healthy girl; a clever help to her mother and a spirited companion to her father; more of a man in her (as he often said) than her delicate little brother ever would have been. He was his mother's darling, although she loved Susan well. There was no positive engagement between Michael and Susan—I doubt if even plain words of love had been spoken; when one winter-time Margaret Dixon was seized with inflammation consequent upon a neglected cold. She had always been strong and notable, and had been too busy to attend to the earliest symptoms of illness. It would go off, she said to the woman who helped in the kitchen; or if she did not feel better when they had got the hams and bacon out of hand, she would take some herb-tea and nurse up a bit. But Death could not wait till the hams and bacon were cured; he came on with rapid strides, and shooting arrows of portentous agony. Susan had never seen illness before, knew how much she loved her mother till now, when she felt a dreadful instinctive certainty that she was losing her. Her mind was thronged with recollections of the many times she had lighted her mother's wishes; her heart was full of the echoes of careless and angry replies that she had spoken. What would she give to have opportunities of service as obedient, and trials of her patience and love for that dear mother who lay gasping in torture, and yet Susan had been an affectionate daughter.

The sharp pain went off, and delicious ease came on; yet still her mother sank. In the midst of this languid pain she was dying. She motioned Susan to her bedside, for she could only whisper; and then, while the father was out of the room, she spoke as much to the eager, hungry eyes of her daughter by the motion of her lips as by the slow feeble sounds of her voice. "Susan, lass, thou must not fret. It is God's will, and thou wilt have a deal to do. Keep thy father straight if thou canst; and if he goes Ulverston ways, see that thou meet him before he gets to the Old Quarry. It's a drear bit for a man who has had a drop. As for little Willie—here the poor woman's face began to work and her fingers to move nervously as they lay on the bed-quilt—the little Willie will miss me most of all. Father's often vexed with him because he's not a quick, strong lad; he is not, my poor little chap. And father thinks he's saucy, because he cannot always stomach oat-cake and porridge. There's better than three pounds in the old black pot on the top shelf of the cupboard. Just keep a piece of loaf-bread by you, Susan dear, for Willie to come to when he's not taken his breakfast. I have, may be, spoilt him; but there'll be no one to spoil him now."

She began to cry a low feeble cry, and covered up her face that Susan might not see her. That dear face, those precious moments while yet the eyes could look out with love and intelligence—Susan laid her head down close by her mother's ear. "Mother, I'll take text of Will. Mother, do you hear? He shall not want aught I can give or get for him, least of all the kind words which you had ever ready for us both. Bless you! I bless you! my own mother."

"I can't promise me, Susan, wilt thou? I can die if thou'll take charge of him. But he's hardly like other folks; he tries father at times, though I think father'll be tender of him when I'm gone, for my sake. And Susan, there's one thing more. I never spoke on it for fear of the bairn being called a tell-tale, but I felt comforted him up. He vexes Michael at times, and Michael has struck him before now. I did not want to make a stir; but he's not strong, and a word from thee Susan, will go a long way with Michael."

Susan was as red now as she had been pale before; it was the first time that her influence over Michael had been openly acknowledged by a third person, and a flash of joy came athwart the solemn sadness of the moment. Her mother had spoken too much, and now came to the miserable faintness. She never spoke again coherently; but when her children and her husband stood by her bedside, she took little Willie's hand and put it into Susan's and looked at her with imploring eyes. Susan clasped her arms round Willie, and leaned her head upon his curly pate, and vowed to herself to be as a mother to him.

Henceforward she was in all to her brother. She was a more spirited and amusing companion to him than his mother had been, from her greater activity, and perhaps also from her originality of character, which often prompted her to perform her habitual actions in some new and racy manner. She was tender to little Willie when she was prompt and sharp with everybody else—with Michael most of all; for somehow this girl felt that, unprotected by her mother, she must keep up her own dignity, and not allow her lover to see how strong a hold he had upon her heart. He called her hard and cruel, and left her so; and she smiled softly to herself when his back was turned to think how little he guessed how deeply he was loved. For Susan was merely comely and fine-looking; Michael was strikingly handsome, adored by all the girls for miles round, and quite enough of a country coxcomb to know it and plume himself accordingly. He was the second son of his father; the eldest would have High Beck farm, of course, but there was a good penny in the Kendal bank in store for Michael. When harvest was over, he went to Chapel Langdale to learn to dance; and at night in his merry moods, he would do his steps on the flag-floor of the Yew Nook kitchen, to the secret admiration of Susan, who had never learned dancing, but who flouted him perpetually, even while she admired, in accordance with the rule she seemed to have made for herself about keeping him at a distance so long as he lived under the same roof with her. One evening he sulked at some saucy remark of hers; he sitting in the chimney corner with his arms on his knees and his head bent forwards, lazily gazing into the wood-fire on the hearth, and luxuriating in rest after a hard day's labor; she sitting among the geraniums on the long, low window-seat, trying to catch the last slanting rays of the autumnal light, to enable her to finish stitching a shirt-collar for Willie, who lounged full length on the flagmat the other side of the hearth to Michael, poking the burning wood from time to time with a long hazel stick to bring out the leap of glittering sparks.

"And if you can dance a threesome reel, what good does it do ye?" asked Susan, looking askance at Michael, who had just been vaunting his proficiency. "Does it help you plough, or reap, or even climb the rocks to take a raven's nest?" "If I were a man I'd be ashamed to give into such softness."

"If you were a man you'd be glad to do anything which made the pretty girls stand round and admire."

"As they do to you, eh? ho! Michael! that would be my way of being a man."

"What then?" asked he, after a pause, during which he had expected in vain that she would go on with her sentence. No answer.

"I should not like you as a man, Susy. You'd be too hard and headstrong."

"An I hard and headstrong?" asked she with as indifferent a tone as she could assume, but which yet had a touch of pique in it. His quick ear detected the infection.

"No, Susy! You're willful at times, and that's right enough. I don't like a girl without a spirit. There's a mighty pretty girl comes to the dancing-class; but she is all milk and water—Her eyes never flash like yours when you're put out; why, I can see them flame across the kitchen like a cat's eyes in the dark. Now if you were a man, I should feel queer before those looks of yours, as it is, I rather like them, because—"

"Because what?" asked she, looking up and perceiving that he had stolen close up to her.

"Because I can make all right in this way," said he, kissing her suddenly.

"Can you?" said she, wrenching herself out of his grasp and panting half with rage. "Take that, by way of proof that making right is none so easy." And she boxed his ears pretty sharply. He went back to his seat discomforted and out of temper. She could no longer see to look, even if her face had not burnt and her eyes dazzled, but she did not choose to move her seat, so she still preserved her stooping attitude, and pretended to go on sewing.

"Eleanor Holthwaite may be milk-and-water," muttered he, "but—Confound thee, lad! what art doing?" exclaimed Michael, as a great piece of burning wood was cast into his face by an unlucky poke of Willie's. "Thou great lounging clumsy chap, I'll teach thee better!" and with one or two good round kicks he sent the lad whimpering away into the back kitchen. When he had a little recovered himself from his passion he saw Susan standing before him, her face looking strange and almost ghastly by the reversed position of the shadows arising from the fire-light shining upwards right into it.

"I tell thee what, Michael," said she, "that lad's motherless, but not friendless."

"His own father leathers him, and why should not I, when he's given me such a burn on my face," said Michael, putting up his hand to his cheek, as if in pain.

"His father's his father, and there is nought more to be said. But if he did burn thee, it was by accident, and not of purpose, as thou kicked him; it's a mercy if his ribs are not broken."

"He howls loud enough, I'm sure. I might a kicked many a lad twice as hard and yet he'd never said aught but damn ye; but you lad must needs cry out like a stuck pig if you touches him," replied Michael sullenly.

"Thou shouldst not play with fire. It's a naughty trick. Thou'lt suffer for it in worse ways now than this before thou'lt do, I'm afraid. I should like to see thee as lungeous kicks as Michael, if I'd been in his place. He did not hurt thee, I am sure," she assumed, half as a question.

"Yes! but he did. He turned me quite sick."

And he let his head fall languidly down on his sister's breast.

"Come lad! come lad!" said she anxiously, "be a man. It was not much that I saw. Why, when first the red cow came she kicked me far harder for offering to milk her before her legs were tied. See thee! here's a peppermint drop, and I'll make thee a party to-night; only don't give way so, for it hurts me sore to think that Michael has done thee any harm, my pretty."

Willie roused himself up, and put back the wet and rumpled hair from his heated face; and he and Susan rose up and hand-in-hand went towards the house, walking slowly and quietly except for a kind of sob which Willie could not repress. Susan took him to the pump and washed his tear-stained face, till she thought she had obliterated all traces of the recent disturbance, arranging his curls for him, and then she kissed him tenderly, and led him in, hoping to find Michael in the kitchen, and make all straight between them. But the blaze had dropped down into darkness; the wood was a heap of grey ashes in which the sparks ran hither and thither; but even in the groping darkness Susan knew by the sinking at her heart that Michael was not there. She threw another brand on the hearth and kindled the candle, and sat down to her work in silence. Willie covered on his stool by the side of the fire, crying his sister from time to time, and sorry and oppressed, he knew not why, by the sight of her grave, almost stern face. No one came. They two were in the house alone. The old woman who helped Susan with the household work had gone out for the night to some friend's dwelling. William Dixon, the father, was up on the fells seeing after his sheep. Susan had no heart to prepare the evening meal.

"Susy, darling, are you angry with me?" said Willie, in his little piping gentle voice. He had stolen up to his sister's side. "I won't never play with fire again; and I'll not cry Michael does kick me. Only don't look so like dead mother—don't—don't—please don't!" he exclaimed, hiding his face on her shoulder.

"I'm not angry, Willie," said she. "Don't be so feared on. You want your supper, and you shall have it; and don't be feared on Michael. He shall give reason for every hair of your head that he touches—the shall."

When William Dixon came home, he found Susan and Willie sitting together, hand-in-hand and apparently pretty cheerful. He bade them go to bed, for that they would sit up for Michael; and the next morning, when Susan came down, she found that Michael had started an hour before with the cart for lime. It was a long day's work; Susan knew it would be late, perhaps later than on the preceding night, before he returned—at any rate, past her usual bed-time; and on no account would she stop up a minute beyond that hour in the kitchen, whatever she might do in her bed-room. Here she sat and watched till past midnight; and when she saw him coming up the brow with the carts, she knew full well, even in that faint moon-light, that his gait was the gait of a man in liquor. But though she was annoyed and mortified to find in what way he had chosen to forget her, the fact did not disgust or shock her as it would have done many a girl, even at that day, who had been brought up as Susan had, among a class who considered it as no crime, but rather a mark of spirit in a man to get drunk occasionally. Nevertheless, she chose to hold herself very high all the next day when Michael was, perforce, obliged to give up any attempt to do heavy work, and hung about the out-buildings and farm in a very discomfited and sickly state. Willie had far more pity on him than Susan. Before evening Willie and he were fast, and on his side, ostentatious friends. Willie rode the horses down to water; Willie helped him to chop wood. Susan sat gloomily at her work, hearing an odd snippet, but cheerful conversation going on in the kitchen, while the cows were being milked. She almost felt irritated with her little brother, as if he were a traitor, and had gone over to the enemy in the very battle that she was fighting in his cause. She was alone with no one to speak to, while they prattled on, regardless if she were glad or sorry.

Son Willie burst in. "Susan! Susan! come with me! I've something so pretty to show you. Round the corner of the barn—run! run!" He was dragging her along, half reluctant, half desirous of some change in that weary day. Round the corner of the barn; and caught hold of by Michael, who stood there awaiting her.

"O Willie!" cried she, "you naughty boy. There is nothing pretty—what have you brought me here for? Let me go; I won't be held."

"Only one word, Susy, if you wish it so much, you may go," said Michael, suddenly losing his hold as she struggled. But now she was free, she only drew off a step or two, murmuring something about Willie.

"You are going, then?" said Michael, with seeming sadness. "You won't hear me say a word of what is in my heart."

"How can I tell whether it is what I should like to hear?" replied she, still drawing back.

"That is just what I want you to tell me; I want you to hear it, and then to tell me if you like it or not."

"Well, you may speak," replied she, turning her back, and beginning to plaid the hem of her apron.

He came close to her ear.

"I'm sorry I hurt Willie the other night. He has forgiven me. Can you?"

"You hurt him very badly," she replied.

"But you are right to be sorry. I forgive you."

"Stop! stop!" said he, laying his hand upon her arm. "There is something more I've got to say. I want you to be my—what is it they call it Susan?"

"Don't know," said she half-laughing, but trying to get away with all her might now; and she was a strong girl, but she could not manage it.

"You do. My—what is it I want you to be?"

"I tell you I don't know, and I will best be quiet, and just let me go in, or I shall think you're as bad now as you were last night."

"And how did you know what I was last night?"

It was past twelve when I came home. You were watching? Ah, Susan! my wife, and you shall never leave to watch for a drunken husband. If I were your husband I would come straight home, and count every minute an hour till I saw your bonny face. Now you know what I want you to be. If you ask you to be my wife. Will you, my own dear Susan?"

She did not speak for some time. Then she said, "Ask father." And now she was really off like a lapwing round the corner of the barn, and up in her own little room, crying with all her might, before the triumphant smile had left Michael's face where he stood.

The "Ask Father" was a mere form to be gone through. Old Daniel Hurst and William Dixon had talked over what they could respectively give their children long before this; and that was the parental way of arranging such matters. When the probable amount of worldly gear that he could give his child had been named by each father, the young folks, as they said, might take their own time in coming to the point which the old men, with the presence of experience, saw that they were drifting to; no need to hurry them, for they were both young, and Michael, though active enough, was too thoughtful, old Daniel said, to be entrusted with the entire management of a farm. Meanwhile, his father would look about him, and see after all the farms that were to be let.

Michael had a shrewd notion of this preliminary understanding between the fathers, and he felt less daunted than he might otherwise have done at making the application for Susan's hand. It was all right, there was not an obstacle, only a deal of good advice, which the lover thought might have as well been spared, and which he assented to every proposition. Then Susan was called down stairs, and slowly came dropping into view down the steps which led from the two family apartments into the house-place. She tried to look composed and quiet, but it could not be done. She stood side by side with her lover, with her head drooping, her cheeks burning, not daring to look up or move while her father made the newly-betrothed a somewhat formal address in which he gave his consent, and many a piece of worldly wisdom beside. Susan listened as well as she could for the beating of her heart; but when her father solemnly and sadly referred to his own lost wife, she could keep from sobbing no longer; but throwing her apron over her face, she sat down on the bench by the dresser, and fairly gave way to pent-up sobs. Oh, how strangely sweet to be comforted as she was comforted, by tender caresses, and many a low whispering promise of love. Her father sat by the fire smoking of the days that were gone; Willie was out of doors; but Susan and Michael felt no one's presence or absence—they only knew they were together as betrothed husband and wife.

In a week, or two, they were formally told of the arrangements to be made in their favor. A small farm in the neighborhood happened to fall vacant; and Michael's father offered to take it for him, and be responsible for the rent for the first year, while William Dixon was to contribute a certain amount of stock, and both fathers were to help towards the furnishing of the house. Susan received all this information in a quiet indifferent way; she did not care much for any of these preparations, which were to hurry her through the happy hours of dowry and of substance. It jarred on her to be made the confidant of occasions slight repining of Michael's as one of his future father-in-law sat aside as best as a pig for Susan's portion, which were not always the best animals of their own father's stables. But he also complained of his own father's stinginess, which somewhat, though not much, alleviated Susan's dislike to being awakened out of her pure dream of love to the considerations of worldly wealth.

But in the midst of all this bustle, Willie moped and pined. He had the same chord of lonely running through his mind that made of body feeble and weak. He kept out of the way, and was apparently occupied in whittling and carving smooth heads on hazel sticks in an out-house. But he positively avoided Michael, and shrank away even from Susan. She was too much occupied to notice this at first. Michael pointed it out to her, saying, with a laugh—

"Look at Willie! he might be a cast off lover and jealous of me, he looks so dark and downcast at me." Michael spoke this just out loud, and Willie burst into tears, and ran out of the house.

"Let me go. Let me go!" said Susan (for her lover's arm was round her waist). "I must go to him if he's fretting. I promised mother I would!"

She pulled herself away, and went in search of the boy. She sought in byre and barn, winter-time there was no great concealment, up into the room where the wool was usually stored in the later summer, and at last she found him, sitting at his loom, like some hunted creature, up behind the wool-stack.

"What are ye gone for, lad, and me seeking you everywhere?" asked she, breathless.

"I did not know you would seek me. I've been away many a time, and no one has cared to seek me," said he, crying afresh.

"Nonsense," replied Susan, "don't be so foolish, ye little good-for-naught." But she crept up to him in the hole he had made underneath the great brown sheaf of wool, and squeezed herself down by him. "What for should folk seek after you, when you get away from them whenever you can?" asked she.

"They don't want me to stay. Nobody wants me. If I go with father, he says I hinder more than I help. You used to like to have me with you. But now, you've taken away with Michael, and you'd rather I was away; and I can just hide away; but I cannot stand Michael jeering at me. He's got you to love him and that might serve him."

"But I love you, too, dearly, lad!" said she, patting her arm round his neck.

"Which on us do you like best?" said he, wistfully, after a little pause, putting her arm away, so that he might look in her face, and see if she spoke truly.

You should not ask such questions. They are not fit for you to ask. Nor for me to answer."

"But mother bade you love me," said he, plaintively.

"And so I do. And so I ever will do. Lover nor husband shall come between thee and me, lad, no'er a one of them. That I promise thee, as I promised mother before, in the sight of God and with her hearkening now, if ever she can hearken to earthly word again. Only I cannot abide to have thee fretting, just because my heart is large enough for thee."

"And thou'lt love me always."

"Always and ever. And the more—the more thou'lt love Michael," said she, dropping her voice.

"I'll try," said the boy, sighing, for he remembered many a harsh word and blow of which his sister knew nothing. She would have risen up to go away, but he held her tight, for here and now she was all his own, and he did not know when such a time might come again. So the two sat crouched up and silent, till they heard the horn blowing at the field gate, which was the summons home to any wanderers belonging to the farm, and at this hour of the evening, signified that supper was ready. Then the two went in.

A WOMAN sometimes turns out to be a "little devil," and possibly the gentleman mentioned below was only a little descriptive in his phraseology. A lady, relating her matrimonial experience, said: "At first, on retiring of a cold night my husband used to say to me—'Put your dear little foot with mine; but soon it was, 'Keep you hoofs off of me.'"

## Sabbath Reading.

From the Baller's Magazine.

THE MARINER'S SONG.

Twilight is on the tranquil sea  
And Memory comes to bring  
The pleasant scenes that we passed  
In youth's departed spring;  
The friends I fondly cherish'd, in  
The land for which I sigh,  
And the fond hope, and smiles, and tears,  
Of peaceful days gone by.

O, gentle friends of early years!  
Though I am from you riven,  
Still shall your memory comfort me,  
And turn my grief to Heaven.

And, 'mid the haunts of early years,  
When life's cold storms have fled,  
I longed to rest my weary form,  
And slumber with the dead;  
The dear departed ones who then  
So oft upon me smiled;  
Whose love no gladness gave to joy  
And every grief beguiled.

And, dearest Saviour, let thy love,  
Like yon fair star of even,  
Shine ever on me till I join  
The loved and lost in Heaven.

A DEATH-SCENE.

Paired, at length, the sweetest setting,  
Sunk to peace the twilight breeze:  
Summer days fled softly, wetting  
Glen, and glade, and silent trees.  
Then his eyes began to weary,  
Weighed beneath a mortal sleep;  
And their orbs grew strangely dreary,  
Clouded, even as they would weep.

But they wept not, but they changed not,  
Never moved and never closed;  
Troubled still, and still they ranged not,  
Wandered not, nor reposed.

So I knew that he was dying—  
Stooped and raised his languid head;  
Felt no breath, and heard no sighing,  
So I knew that he was dead.

—EMILY DOSTER.

THE PHYSICAL ADVANTAGE OF THE SABBATH.

The Sabbath, viewed merely in the light of a day of relaxation and refreshment, cannot be computed too highly, by the working classes in particular. The statesman, the merchant, and the manufacturer, can often escape the duties, or emancipate themselves from the thrall of business, and vanishing from their respective engagements, may embark for foreign travel and luxuriate awhile in some invigorating climate; or, wandering up and down our own fair land, may halt at spots rich in historic interest, or may visit the wonderful teeming cities reared by modern enterprise; or else, if warried with the excitement of such scenes, may turn aside for a season to the margin of the ocean, and there inhale health and gladness from its bracing breezes.

Suppose the Sabbath to be by all people abolished. What a sad picture this would go on in one monotonous, eternal cry. Think—your imagination beholds the untiring whirl of work, the treadmill of labor, thus going round, and round, without a change, without a pause, from month to month, from week to week, from month to month, from year to year—think, if you can, of the desolation that must follow this absolute reign of labor over the whole realm of time.

The delicate and fragile would be speedily crushed. Feeble constitutions, that with a weekly day of fasting care, might ease out their residue of strength for many years, would break down with a sudden crash. Incipient diseases, which nature, invigorated by adequate rest, might overcome, would be developed with a deadly rapidity. An intense labor would be found a dreadful force of the seeds and rudiments of decay which are imbedded more or less plentifully in all of us. Under the vassalage of such a gigantic oppressor as unrestricted labor, earth would rock with the sufferings of her offspring, while the all-absorbing prayer of the millions would be for—"Rest!" or the quiet slumber of the grave!

The mere physical advantages of the Sabbath, independent of those of our intellectual, domestic, moral and religious characters to the mass of mankind, are above computation. It is one of the best gifts of God, and should be cherished as an heirloom of every family. [Selected.]

TEMPTATION. To resist temptation once is not a sufficient proof of honesty. If a servant, instead, were to resist the continued temptation of silver lying in a window, as some people let it lie when he is sure that his master does not know how much there is of it, he would give a strong proof of honesty. But this is a proof to which you have no right to put a man. You know, humbly speaking there is a certain degree of temptation which will overcome any virtue. Now in so far as you approach temptation to a man, you do him an injury; and if he is overcome, you share in his guilt. [Johnson.]

INDUSTRIOUS HABITS. Teach your children to be industrious. It is the best preventive to crime, the best guardian to virtue. Read the histories of the hundreds who fell into their prisons, and learn that idleness was the chief cause of their ruin. Young men of industrious habits are seldom found in the sinks of pollution—disgracing themselves and their parents. The increase of crime among us is chiefly caused by the idleness of honest labor; too many rather staid than work. If we would preserve the generation from those sins and vice which degrade the present time, learn them good trades and bring them up to industrious habits. Idleness, late hours, a disregard of the Sabbath, drinking, and the perusal of obscene sheets are causing the ruin of millions.

THE OLD WOMAN AND THE SAILOR. A worthy old woman was one day walking along the street, quietly smoking her pipe. A jovial sailor, rendered a little mischievous by liquor, came sailing down, and when opposite the old woman, sawing pushed her aside, and with a pass of his hand knocked the pipe out of her mouth. He then halted to hear her fret at his trick, and to enjoy a laugh at her expense. But what was his astonishment when she meekly picked up the piece of her broken pipe, without the least resentment in her manner; then, giving him a dignified look of mingled sorrow, kindness and pity, said, "God forgive you, my son, as I do." It touched a tender cord in the heart of the rude tar. He felt ashamed, in his eyes; he must make reparation. He heartily confessed his error, and, thrusting both his hands into his full pockets of change, he forced all their contents upon her, exclaiming, "God bless you, kind mother! I'll never do it again."

The last words of the Old Testament are a fearful threatening:—"Lest I come and smite the earth with a curse."

The last words of the New Testament are a benediction:—"The grace of Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen."

HEALTH comes of itself but we are at great pains to get our diseases. Health comes from a simple life of nature; diseases from the artificial life of nature.

GREATEST ORGAN IN THE WORLD. The organ of speech in woman; an organ, too, without a spot!

Every good habit corrects a bad tendency.

IMPORTANT TO HOUSEWIVES.

Dutcher's Dead Shot.

I HAVE no poisonous drug to inject the air, every time you make the bed, or sweep the room, or wash the dishes, or use your Corrosive Salts dissolved in Alcohol. It remains a long time wherever applied, and is sure to destroy THE WHOLE BREEDING TRIBE OF DESTRUCTION.

One thousand applications